Toughest Choice

by Adia Morrow

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>Spoilers: none
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>Disclaimer: I don't own anything that has to do with Star Wars, never have, never will, unfortunately. No infringement was intended, and I'm certainly not making any money off of this.
Author's Note: I love feedback *hint hint* so please send it to me at LadyJedi@planetnaboo.net
>This fanfic is dedicated to Riva, who has always inspired and encouraged me, even though my stories suck. Thanks a thousand times over babe!
>
> The air was hot as the wind kissed the young woman's face. The breeze carried the stench of carnage with it. A massacre had happened here, the woman knew. She could feel it in her bones, in every nerve of her body. She could sense the terror of these people's dying moments, and the emotion made her choke back bile and squeeze her eyes against tears. She hugged her baby closer to her breast. She had to get out of here, fast, before the Sith-
 There was the snap-hiss of a lightsaber behind her, and the woman knew it was too late. She whipped around, shifted her baby to her left hand, and yanked at her lightsaber with her right. It came free, and she ignited the lightsaber. The glowing red blade shot out, casting scarlet shadows everywhere in the darkened street. There before her stood the Sith, his own crimson blade raised high and poised to strike. The nameless Jedi shoved her baby behind her and onto the ground. She took up a defensive stance. If only she could protect the child from this demon...
> Then there was no more time for thought, for the Sith lunged. The Jedi raised her blade and allowed the dark one to come forward in his

lunge. He struck high and to her right, but she easily batted it to the side, and went for a quick slice left that would have opened him from hip to hip. He brought his blade around quickly, though, and blocked the woman's swing with his blade angled towards the ground. The Jedi whipped her lightsaber high over the Sith's and drove down in an attack at his right shoulder. He stopped the movement by bringing his saber up to his collarbone. Ruby met ruby, and the blades crackled. The Sith gave a mighty push, and the Jedi stumbled back a step. She tripped, and as she fell backwards, she saw the look of cold, merciless glee in the Sith's eyes. Her baby-she would die, and he would take her baby. She couldn't let that happen. She would not let her son be stolen by this demon; she would not have her son be turned to the dark side! There was only one thing she could do to prevent that. It was the toughest choice any mother could ever be asked to make, but the woman made it quickly without a second thought. No regrets. In the seconds before the Sith's blood-red blade sliced through her, the Jedi thrust her own scarlet shaft to the side and into her child. The baby let out a shriek that tore through the mother's heart a moment before the Sith's lightsaber did. The darkness of death reached out and claimed both mother and child.

End
file.